

A  
R O Y A L L  
L O Y A L L  
P O E M.

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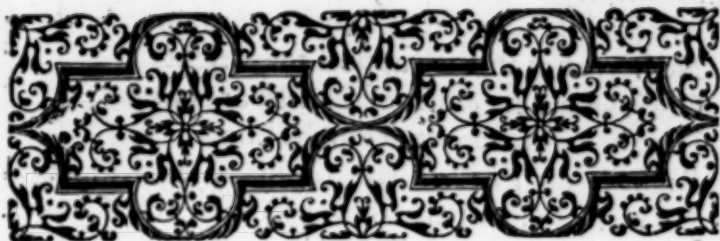
L O N D O N,

Printed for *W. Place*, and are to be sold at his  
Shop at *Graves-Inne Gate* in *Holborne*, 1660.

ROYAL  
NAVY  
H.M.S. PORPOISE

LOW DOG

Printed for W. Taylor and Son, Stationers, 10, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.



A Royall Loyall

# P O E M.



ALL hayle Great KING, whom  
 Gods Almighty hand,  
 Hath in great Streights preserv'd by  
 Sea and Land;  
 And hath kept firm thy Loyall Sub-  
 jects hearts,

Rejoycing in oppressions dyrest smarts :  
 And that thy Foes the vast Worlds wonder cease  
 Their tumultuous waves, and sue for Peace :  
 What can eclips our joyes so bright, so high,  
 Settled on th' Basis of Divinity :  
 For here's no new Usurper to make good  
 This treasonable Claym through streams of blood :

Sparing no English Subjects to maintain  
 The profuse Ryot in his Rebellious raig;  
 No heyre not able to support the weight  
 Of Government either of Church or State :  
 Nay, here is no pretender to the known  
 Right Great *Charles* hath to his three Kingdoms  
 No worthy Gentleman doth envy that (Crown :  
 Our high born Prince should have command of what  
 His birth-right gives him, here's none thinks that he  
 Could rule so wisely as his *Majesty* ;  
 Here's no contention, onely to outvy  
 Each in brave acts of liberality,  
 Amazing all to see, our widdowed Land  
 Espous'd to joy so soon, by a *Monks* Hand.  
 Presents on Presents pass by faithfull hearts ;  
 Not equall to *My* mind nor his deserts :  
 And these from loyall, Royall, Soules whom guilt  
 Had never stain'd, of blood unjustly spilt.  
 Had *Fleetwood, Baxter, Haslrig, and Vane,*  
*Ticbourn and Ireton*, with that cursed trayne  
 Disgorg'd theyr full cram'd chests unjustly got,  
 And then like *Judas* hang'd themselves, 't had not  
 Been half so wel. No : let them dying live,  
 And perish by degrees : let Justice give  
 Them but their due: How will their conscience gripe  
 Their perplexed Soules ? And when grown ripe,

For

For vengeance, let tortures lead them to the Tree,  
Where this accursed fruit may hanged be;

Too tedious here to read their Elegy.

Oh when to *Oliver* they tidings bring  
Of their fall'n State, and Glories of our *King*,  
How will his hot Nose swell, and *Bradshaw* call,  
And curse each other for each others fall?  
There let them curse and howle with hideous yells,  
Whilst we with Bone-fires shouts, and ringing Bells,  
Heighten the hatred that their Quaking friends  
Conceal, if possible, for Politick ends:  
And that will damn them too, whilst safely we  
May pray for *Charles* our King and Progeny,  
And drink a hearty cup to th' Generall,  
Who bravely, justly, wisely fool'd them all.  
And with one word *Phanatick* struck them dumb,  
Some simply ask'd if it were Scotch, and some  
Whispered ift not Spanish, some Greek, but most  
Sayd he was mistaken and would have it crost  
Out, and put in Fantastick, Schismatick,  
Or Anabaptist, Brownist, Heretick,  
Shaking Sir *Harry Vanes* fift Monarchy,  
Or weeping *Fleetwoods* quaking Anarchy,  
*H. Martins* Adamites, Independents,  
Sawcy Lay-Elders, Super-Intendents,

Any

Any thing or all but that one strange word,  
 Coynd with an angry Stamp should all afford,  
 That *Oliver* or *Lambert* in their breast  
 Contain'd, troubles them more then all the rest,  
 Making their *Chimera* reformation,  
 Ridiculous and out of fashion;  
 And names of *Common-wealth* and *Nation* turn'd  
 To the right style, *Kingdom*, which long hath mourn'd,  
 Commanding reverence to Gods holy Word,  
 Read in the Church, by them so much abhord:  
 When Preach'd by none but Orthodox Divines,  
 Whose life together with the Words light shines:  
 Now Subjects large Estates so long detain'd  
 From the right Owners, shall by *Right* be gain'd:  
 And Universities and Innes of Court,  
*Englands* great honour in the Worlds report,  
 Peltred so long with Sons of the Committee,  
 Excize-men, Captains, or at best some City (planted,  
 Heyres: shall with Knights and Squires Sons be  
 And the Grave *Benchers* who long have wanted,  
 An Audience fit for *Readings*, now rejoyce,  
 To employ their wits & wealth for th' Publick voice,  
 When *Magna Charta*, the known Lawes of th' Land,  
 Is spoke and writ in the old Tongue and Hand,  
 That it would prove a good Monopoly,  
 To teach Masters and Clarks their *A.B.C.*

When

When our new coyne (all that was mine is gone)  
 Shall bear the Kings Face and Superscription ;  
 When noble *Spain* shall bring her Indies wealth  
 Unto our *King*, wishing him peace and health ;  
 All Princes fearing our *Kings* potent Strength,  
 Shall court him to an Union : At length  
 I fear the *Gentile* and unbeleiving *Jew*,  
 To be receiv'd into our Church will sue :  
 And then the World will end so soon, that we  
 Terrene joyes longer shall not live to see :  
 This is not Fancy : for what can seem strange,  
 After this great and unexpected change.  
 Reader your pardon, for since the King is given  
 A Subject for my Pen, I could reach Heaven  
 With numerous lines. Somay your Prayers with mine  
 For a continuance of his Life and Line.

By *Tho. Sawnderfon* Gent.

FINIS.